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SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM.*

"Scientific socialism." What a misnomer! What a sacrilege, even, to associate the honored name of science with the despised term "socialism"! In the minds of many it is not unnaturally associated with the destruction *by force* of all those social institutions which are held to be fundamental and permanent in our social life. The family, private property, individual liberty,—these, as guaranteed to us by just laws and good government, are essential to social existence and welfare, to civilization and the development of the human race. To summarily abolish them and the social structure—this God-given blessing, this outgrowth of the ages,—were supreme folly; to apply the name "scientific" to the proposal, or to the body of thought designed to justify it, would certainly seem ridiculous.

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may be neither that depicted by Karl Marx or by Mr. Bellamy, nor yet that so greatly feared by Herbert Spencer. As a systematic study of the industrial nature of human society in its present condition, its genesis and development, the inner currents of its being and the elements of decay inherent in existing relations, socialism may quite properly be called scientific. Above all, it is eminently fitting to apply this description to "Das Kapital." In the words of the author: "The aim of this work is to lay bare the economic law of motion of modern society." The book is not simply a criticism of political economy based on a wide knowledge of economic literature; nor a "critical analysis of capitalist production" as viewed from the standpoint of "the class whose vocation in history is the overthrow of the capitalist mode of production and the final overthrow of all classes,—the proletariat." These are involved in that philosophical study of the industrial life of human society which alone can form the basis of social reform or give us a knowledge of the laws of social existence. Holding that historical developments are transient, the author seeks to discover the laws of this epoch of social life—of Modern Industrialism,—with a view to forecast in a measure the immediate future as revealed by those laws, and by the tendencies of the forces working in society as at present organized. In this work he has sought to embody the fruits of his life-long study and investigation, as a result of which he sees the socialistic state as the necessary outcome of the capitalist process of production. We may not follow him to this conclusion; but certainly we should not meet reason with ridicule.

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* CAPITAL: A Critical Analysis of Capitalistic Production. By Karl Marx. Translated from the Third German Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

accurately, buying in order to sell dearer, M—C—M cannot be a constantly recurring and universal process. Everybody cannot always buy cheap and sell dear, because to buy is to sell and to sell is to buy. Speculation now plays such an important rôle in the production as well as the circulation of goods, dishonest gambling in cheating the ignorant property-owner of a part at least of the value of his title is so prominent in business methods to-day, that we lose sight of the true character of trade as an exchange of equivalents. We are particularly blind to the fundamental nature of the contract relation of employer and employee, of the bargain between buyers and sellers of labor-power. This latter is the one commodity, Marx holds, which owners of money, or even those who *hope to become such*, can practically buy cheap and sell dear, and thus obtain surplus-value,—which he defines as “the difference between the value of the product and the value of the elements consumed in the formation of that product; in other words, of the means of production and the labor-power.” Wages, the price of labor-power, can fluctuate between two extremes. The increased value of the product, which belongs entirely to the employer, is the maximum; and the value of a definite quantity of the means of subsistence which the laborer requires to “live, labor, and generate,” is the minimum. Not only do wages naturally tend toward this minimum, but under capitalist production there are forces at work constantly crowding this lower and lower. The rich grow richer and the poor poorer, through the regular concentration of ownership, and, still more, of control of means of production in the hands of a few and the systematic robbery of the laborer of the surplus-value created. “The production of surplus-value, or the extraction of surplus-labor, is the specific end and aim, the sum and substance, of capitalist production.” “Capital is dead labor, that, vampire-like, lives only by sucking living labor, and lives the more, the more labor it sucks.” Capitalist production makes possible a host of social parasites. Historically, the first gain, because the simplest, arose through the gradual extension of the working day. The longer the laborer works for the capitalist beyond the time necessary to produce the average daily means of subsistence and replace the labor power, the larger the mass of surplus-value incorporated in the product. It was the purpose of the English Factory Acts to “curb the passion of capital for a limitless draining of labor power, by forcibly limiting the working day by state regulation.” Then came the employment of women and children. The larger the portion of the laborer’s family which works in the mill, the greater will be the surplus-value in

the product. They all only earn a living for the whole family. Finally, there is a marked increase in the intensity of labor. The harder the laborer works while he is in the factory, the greater the surplus-value in the hands of the company. It is the introduction of machinery, through the application of science to industry, which facilitates each of these methods, and at the same time greatly decreases the price of commodities and thus the expenses of living or the cost of production of the labor supply.

This, then, is the character of modern industry: Long hours of hard labor; a system of relays by which night is turned into day and day into night; over-work for the majority of men, women, and children, and enforced idleness for an ever-increasing minority; decreased standards of living alongside of a wonderful increase in the production of luxuries; large permanent investments of capital; cultivation of cheap labor and maintenance of a large servant class; periodic congestions following feverish activity in industry and trade; the extension of “domestic industry”—a tragic contrast to its prototype of the last century. Truly, a discouraging picture for the laborer to look at. Certainly all must recognize the depth of satire in calling him *free*. Free, to sell himself and his family for a morsel of bread! Free, to create surplus-value and provide a reservoir of disposable labor-power! Free, to join the industrial reserve army which increases with each advance in social accumulation! Free, to become a capitalist!! What a parody on liberty and freedom!

But whither are we tending? What of the future? The present is hardly a state of stable industrial equilibrium. It is common to anticipate great changes. But have we reached the end of a cycle, a turning-point or fork in the road, when the life-process of society requires marked differentiation in social structure, an entire readjustment of social relations and institutions before the dawn of the twentieth century? Is bourgeois society an anachronism. We cannot deny that this is “a passing stage in the economic development of mankind,” one of the “successive phases of its normal development.” Least of all will anyone be disposed to question it who has carefully studied recent industrial history, or attempted a systematic analysis of existing economic conditions? There is nothing ideal or final in social evolution. This is the prophetic vision of the industrial age that is to come quickly: Along with the constantly diminishing number of the magnates of capital (this expropriation of many capitalists by few), grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation, exploitation; but with this, too, grows the revolt of the working-class,

a class always increasing in numbers, and disciplined, united, organized by the very mechanism of the process of capitalist production itself. The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter upon the mode of production which has sprung up and flourished along with and under it. Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labor at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. This integument is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated. Capitalist private property negatives individual private property, and the socialistic state is the outgrowth; there, property of the individual producer is based on the acquisitions of the capitalistic era,—i. e., on coöperation and the possession in common of the land and of the means of production. The economic basis of the family has been removed by the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century, but we are left to imagine the domestic relations of the future.

Fanciful as the socialistic state may seem to us; incomplete as Marx's treatment of the historical changes in the position of the laborer since the fourteenth century, and of the forces underlying these changes, may be; howsoever strongly biased is his analysis of our nineteenth century civilization, the elements for the formation of a new society and the forces for exploding the old one; whatever may be our psychological predispositions regarding methods of social reform, we yet must recognize the good done by "Das Kapital" in arresting the attention of the thoughtless and instigating a more thorough search for the unwritten history of mankind. We realize more fully that man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn; and are more ready to appreciate the wisdom of seeking and consciously adopting rules of right social living. As an economist, Marx adopts exactly the same method followed by the classical school and their successors, the vulgar apologists of the *bourgeoisie*, for whom he has such a supreme contempt. It is hardly possible that he should have avoided all the mistakes into which they fell; but he is certainly superior in the depth of his thought and the accuracy of reasoning from the hypotheses assumed. As an historian, he presents the social evolution of labor in England since the fourteenth century, but in a very disjointed and one-sided manner, and only by way of illustrating his theoretical ideas. This portion of his work cannot be favorably compared with that of Rogers, Howell, or Toynbee. As a judge of existing social arrangements and a prophet of the industrial ages to come, he may have the voice of one crying in the wilderness, but his preaching is hardly calculated to draw all men unto him. Laveleye has called "Das Kapital" as

abstract as a mathematical treatise, and far more difficult to read. It is certainly most tedious to anyone except the careful student. If it is in truth the Bible of the working-classes, one can readily understand the necessity of a body of priests to interpret this sealed and sacred book.

ARTHUR B. WOODFORD.

STUDIES OF INSECT LIFE.*

Sir John Lubbock has given us the latest results of his study of the senses and sentiments of the invertebrate animals—a line of work in which he is an acknowledged master. Few observers have shown such skill in experimentation in this most difficult field, and perhaps no one has succeeded so well in "putting himself in the place" of the lower animals with a view to finding out what these creatures really know and feel. We have not space to enter into the details of the many curious and instructive experiments made by the distinguished author, but some few of the results arrived at may be summarized briefly.

The sense of touch is well represented among the lower animals, and it is aided by many structures—such as tactile hairs, specialized cells or groups of cells, roughness of the skin, etc. The sense of taste is, as a rule, little developed in the invertebrates. It is probably most perfect in the bees and their relatives. In insects generally the organs of taste are certain modified hairs in or about the mouth. The sense of smell in insects seems to be seated in the antennæ, organs which in their various forms serve also a number of other purposes. Whether olfactory organs exist in other invertebrates is not definitely known.

It is not an easy thing to decide whether any animal among these lower forms can hear. Sir John Lubbock says:

"In order to experiment on them we are often obliged to place them in situations very unlike those to which they are accustomed; and, secondly, it is by no means always easy to say whether they are affected by a real noise or whether they are merely conscious of a concussion or vibration."

Very many insects, and a few crustaceans and mollusks, have the power of producing sounds; and this power, when the sounds are all definite in character, implies some ability to hear them. In creatures as simple in structure as certain jelly-fishes, auditory organs are now recognized. Auditory sacs are also present in many mollusks and worms. In the crusta-

*ON THE SENSES, INSTINCTS, AND INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS. WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO INSECTS. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., Author of "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," "Prehistoric Times," etc. With over one hundred illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ceans, the ear is located in the basal segment of the lesser antennæ. This ear is lined with hairs, and contains a few grains of sand, placed there by the animal itself. "Evidently the crustacea pick up grains of sand, and actually introduce them into their own ears, to serve as otolithes." One crustacean, the shrimp-like *mysis*, has ears upon its tail. In insects, ears are developed in various positions of the body—in the cricket, upon the legs; in some locusts, on the abdomen; while in numerous other insects different modifications of the antennæ serve the purpose of hearing.

A large proportion of the invertebrates possess some sort of eyes. These vary in complexity from the simplest eye-specks, which can only distinguish between light and darkness, to the complex compound eyes of the fly or the bee, containing in some cases as many as 25,000 eyes or facets. The image produced by these eyes will be an aggregate of many minute images or points of light. The mode of vision in such eyes is imperfectly understood. Lubbock adopts the view of Johannes Müller, that "the picture perceived by the insect will be a mosaic, in which the number of points will correspond with the number of facets." It seems reasonably certain, in any event, that the great majority of insects are near-sighted, distinguishing objects with clearness only at a distance of from five to thirty feet. The simple eyes, or ocelli, of insects are still more myopic, and they are probably "useful in dark places and for near vision."

Numerous interesting experiments have been made by Lubbock on the power of insects to recognize colors. Bees certainly distinguish colors, and show a marked preference for blue and pink. The crustacean *Daphnia* shows a similar liking for shades of yellowish-green. Other experiments show that certain animals perceive colors which are invisible to man. There are some at least which can distinguish the rays known as ultra-violet—that is, the rays having still shorter vibrations than those we recognize as violet.

Lubbock shows that in spite of the marvellous intelligence shown by bees, their power of adaptation to new conditions is very limited. In face of unexpected emergencies they are often very stupid. Thus, a bee will continue to store honey in a cell in which a large leak has been made, with apparently no thought of mending the leak. It has been generally believed that bees possess a peculiar instinct or sense of direction, which enables them to take "a bee-line" to their homes when carried to some distance away from it. There seems to be no real foundation for this belief. Bees and other insects find their way by the recognition of familiar objects or landmarks, and are hopelessly lost if none of these are in sight.

It is very probable that the lower animals may possess other senses, of which we have as yet no conception. As to this, Lubbock says:

"We have five senses, and sometimes fancy that no others are possible. But it is obvious that we cannot measure the infinite by our own narrow limitations. . . . There may be fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight; and even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be endless sounds which we cannot hear, and colors as different as red from green, of which we have no conception. . . . The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them, it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of color which we cannot see, of sensations which we cannot conceive. To place stuffed birds and beasts in glass cases, to arrange insects in cabinets and dried plants in drawers, is merely the drudgery and preliminary of study; to watch their habits, to study their instincts and intelligence, to ascertain their adaptations and their relations to the forces of nature, to realize how the world appears to them,—these constitute, as it seems to me at least, the true interest of natural history, and may even give us the clue to senses and perceptions of which at present we have no conception."

DAVID S. JORDAN.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LATER CRITICISM.*

Some of the essays in Mr. Arnold's final volume have been before the world for several years. The essay "On the Study of Poetry" may without exaggeration be called famous, and those on Byron and on Wordsworth are almost equally well-known. The first is reprinted from Ward's "English Poets," to which it serves as a general introduction; the other two are the introductions to the volumes of selections from Byron and Wordsworth published some ten years ago by Mr. Arnold. The essays on Gray and Keats are also reprinted from Ward's Anthology. The four remaining articles are the brief address on Milton and the recent essays on Shelley, Tolstoi, and Amiel. Of the essay "On the Study of Poetry" it may suffice to remark that no other writer has succeeded in formulating the tests by which the best poetry may be distinguished from the second-best and the inferior, so precisely as Mr. Arnold here formulates them. I think many will join me in the opinion which I unhesitatingly express, that there is nowhere else to be found an essay on this subject of anything like the same educational value.

The address on Milton is mainly devoted to the support of the proposition that "the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction" makes his poetry a peculiarly precious instrument for the education of the

*ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. SECOND SERIES. By Matthew Arnold. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Anglo-Saxon race. Mr. Arnold thinks that one of our chief dangers lies in our defective sense for perfection of work, and it is to Milton far more even than to Shakespeare that we are to look for "the discipline of respect for a high and flawless excellence." If the host of readers, present and future, who will never be able to read the Greek and Latin classics "are ever to gain any sense of the power and charm of the great poets of antiquity, their way to gain it is not through translations of the ancients, but through the original poetry of Milton, who has the like power and charm, because he has the like great style."

Concerning Gray Mr. Arnold says almost the last word of criticism; although the essay is less full and genial than Mr. Lowell's delightful study of this author, it is no less illuminating and suggestive. Gray was asphyxiated by the prosaic atmosphere of his time and found relief only in scholarship; the failure of sympathy in his contemporaries not only stunted the quantity of his poetic production but impaired its quality also. And Gray is suggestively compared to the author of the "Analogy." "A sort of spiritual east wind was at that time blowing; neither Butler nor Gray could flower. They *never spoke out*." Thus it is that with all his rare powers,—"his equipment and endowment for the office of poet,"—Gray finds his freest expression not in poetry at all but in his letters, and in them Mr. Arnold studies him.

Keats also is studied in his letters, and the underbred tone of "relaxed self-abandonment" in the "Letters to Fanny Brawne" is duly indicated. Mr. Arnold makes a salutary protest against the "pawing and fondness" of certain admirers of Keats "who concentrate attention upon what in him is least wholesome and most questionable." In opposition to them our critic emphasises the essential manliness of the poet's character. No one has praised his poetry better. Poetry interprets life and the world to us in two ways: there is a moral interpretation and there is a naturalistic interpretation. And in one of these two great modes of interpretation, "in what we call natural magic, he ranks with Shakespeare."

Of Mr. Arnold's essay on Wordsworth there are many opinions. That it is one of his best pieces of writing and that it contains much that is sound and weighty, surely no one will venture to deny. Among the poets of Christendom he will admit that but five are Wordsworth's equals or superiors: "Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe." The reader who remembers that Mr. Arnold, in at least one earlier essay, found Molière's prose work more satisfactory than his verse, will wonder why the critic is careful to include the French dramatist in this high company. But Mr. Arnold is pleading for Wordsworth

before what he calls the Great Amphictyonic Court of European opinion, and with the instinct of an expert advocate he confines himself to one paradox at a time. To the Anglo-Saxon race Wordsworth offers "blessed consolations in distress" that make the reading of his poetry a religious act of the highest value. But that defective sense of art in Wordsworth which made it possible for Mr. Arnold to do him a service by cutting him to pieces,—not to speak of his solemnity and his want of humor,—makes the day appear far distant when the great world-public shall value his work above Schiller's, for instance, or above Byron's, or Victor Hugo's, or even Shelley's.

Readers of the essays on Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley should not deny themselves the amusement of reading the criticism of Mr. Arnold's estimates of these poets in Mr. Swinburne's essay on "Wordsworth and Byron." Mr. Arnold cannot well get on without a text of some kind, and in a hapless hour he chose, as the principal text of his study of Byron, a phrase of Mr. Swinburne's: "the excellence of sincerity and strength." Mr. Swinburne cannot deny the quotation, but he immediately relinquishes his right to it in favor of Mr. Arnold and proceeds to bury the fame of Byron beneath a lava-stream of heated denunciation. Byron is "of all remembered poets the most wanting in distinction of any kind," and the most that critical leniency can do is not to place Southey above him. It must, I think, be admitted Mr. Arnold fails to make out his case for Byron, although Mr. John Morley bears weighty testimony on the same side. However much one may be impressed with Byron's strength, surely it is not to any preëminent excellence of *sincerity* that he chiefly owes his great fame. Mr. Arnold admits that he had his affectations and his silliness, that he was in his everyday life flippant, theatrical, and in many ways open to criticism. Nevertheless the fact that Byron not only waged war upon the Philistinism of the English middle-class, but that he turned his back upon his own aristocratic class as well, has great weight with Mr. Arnold, who quotes Professor Nichol's fine saying that Byron maintained with superb energy "the struggle that keeps alive, if it does not save, the soul." It is very doubtful whether the complex of motives that moved Byron to revolt, and that braced him to resist the British atmospheric pressure toward conformity, was as sincerely unselfish as Mr. Arnold thinks; and even were his political and social sincerity unimpeachably proved, little would be gained in the direction of proving him "in the main greater than all the rest of English poets." Mr. Arnold and Mr. John Morley keenly sympathise with

Byron's revolutionary attitude, and this sympathy insensibly warps their judgment. The best praise of Mr. Arnold's suggestive study is, however, his rare disinterestedness, which enables him to quote and to explain Scherer's assertion that Byron posed all his life, and Goethe's dictum that "as soon as he reflects he is a child."

The essay on Shelley is little more than an acute review of Dowden's life of that poet, closing with a postponement of literary criticism. In the prefatory note Lord Coleridge informs us that Mr. Arnold had intended to write something more; "not, indeed, to alter or qualify what he said, but to say something else which he thought also true, and which needed saying." What this something else would have been we can only conjecture; what he did say was that "in poetry, no less than in life, Shelley is a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." It was this and similar deliverances concerning Shelley, in the essay on Byron, that provoked Swinburne's whimsical attack upon Arnold, to which I have referred. "It is a singular certainty," says Swinburne, "that, on the subject of Shelley, this noble poet and brilliant critic has never got beyond what may be called the 'Johnny Keats' stage of criticism." Mr. Swinburne's criticism can, in general, no more be compared with Matthew Arnold's, than Mr. Swinburne's incontinence of diction can be compared with Matthew Arnold's chiselled precision. But with respect to Shelley Mr. Swinburne is, if not right, still (in Mr. Saintsbury's happy phrase) "in a more saving way of wrongness" than the great critic. At least all the indications now are that Shelley must increase and Byron decrease, and that Mr. Arnold's one attempt at prophecy concerning the two nineteenth century poets who shall be accepted by the twentieth century, was an unfortunate begging of the question.

Nothing could well be more interesting than to know what the author of "Literature and Dogma" would think of Count Leo Tolstoi, and here Mr. Arnold does not disappoint our expectation. He begins by pointing out that the Russians, like the Americans, are "marked by an extreme sensitiveness, a consciousness most quick and acute" of themselves and of the world. But the American Talmudist represents his god as saying: "Hitherto the English is my best race; put in one drop more of nervous fluid and make the American." Such self-glorification is not the right path to a great literature, a serious art; from the Russians, accordingly, who do not assuage their sensitiveness in this way, there is more to be hoped than from the Americans. In the Russian novelists, and especially in Tolstoi, Mr. Arnold discovers a childlike sin-

cerity, an "entire disinterestedness and simplicity" in the representation of human life, a faculty, moreover, of powerfully delineating passions to which the artist is victoriously superior. The famous English novelists are gone; the French are possessed by the spirit of hard observation and are votaries of the "goddess Lubricity," whose service "petrifies the feeling." This point is illustrated by a comparison of "Anna Karenina" with "Madame Bovary," much to the disadvantage of Flaubert's masterpiece: "'Madame Bovary,' with this taint, is a work of petrified feeling."

The latter part of the essay is devoted to a brief exposition and criticism of Count Tolstoi's remarkable religious views and practices. Mr. Arnold is, as might be expected, much attracted by this phase of Tolstoi's character, whose chief fault, he seems to think, is a want of the *temper* of Jesus, "his temper of sweetness and reasonableness." "Count Tolstoi sees rightly that whatever the propertied and satisfied classes may think, the world ever since Jesus Christ came is judged; 'a new earth' is in prospect." But Jesus paid tribute to the government, dined with the publicans, and was, in short, a disinterested opportunist. The secret of Jesus does not lie in a command to be outwardly followed, but in "an idea to work in our mind and soul." Tolstoi, on the other hand, resolves Christianity into a system of maxims and considers the Sermon on the Mount "as the ultimate sum and formula into which Christianity may be run up." Mr. Arnold therefore regards with disfavor Count Tolstoi's "trenchant solution" of the problem how to live, and thinks that he might with advantage return to the work of the poet and artist.

The last essay in the volume is devoted to Amiel. Speaking of his own volume of selections from Byron, Mr. Arnold had said: "Surely the critic who does most for his author is the critic who gains readers for his author himself." I do not think that his treatment of Amiel performs such a service for this philosophic dreamer. It was long, he tells us, before he could bring himself to read Amiel's Journal, which he does not regard as a tonic book. Afterward, however, he became much interested in Amiel, and this essay, although far from being in his best vein, is still eminently worth reading. It is noticeable that Mr. Arnold disparages Amiel's psychological powers, which other critics had agreed in thinking so wonderful, and that in his opinion Amiel clearly missed his vocation,—that of literary criticism.

Whatever we may think of Amiel, surely all will agree that criticism, literary, social, and religious, was the field of Matthew Arnold's freest, most spontaneous, most original activity. Many will fail to agree with him

upon this or that topic; many will deplore his excursions into politics and religion as a waste of time and a misapplication of precious powers. Few of those who have any interest in literature proper but will wish that he had given us more, much more, literary criticism. In a sense what he says of Amiel may be true of him, that he failed to recognize his appointed vocation. Literary criticism, in reality, occupied but a very subordinate place in a busy life devoted to a profession, to scholarship, to religious controversy, and to many and wide interests. Had he but written more of equal quality he might easily have attained that undisputed rank among us which Sainte-Beuve occupies among the French.

I have been much impressed by the remark of a learned friend who urges that Matthew Arnold discovered nothing. What, it might be retorted, did Francis Bacon discover? It was enough for him, he said, to be a bell-ringer to better wits,—to be but as an image in a cross-way, "that may point the way but cannot go it." Without comparing Matthew Arnold with a man of such transcendent powers as Bacon, it may be suggested that, so far as in him lay, Arnold performed a similar service for his generation. Enough for him to be, like Bacon, the relentless critic of an old order of things and the confident prophet of a better day. When, moreover, he defined criticism as "the disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas," the saying had all the effect of a discovery,—it gave new meaning, breadth, dignity, to the art of criticism. Again, when he defined, not poetry, but "the most essential part of poetic greatness," as consisting in "the noble and profound application of ideas to life, under the conditions fixed for us by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth," he was, it seems to me, as nearly creative as it is possible for a critic to become. At all events, he was in the highest degree fruitful and suggestive. That no more than this can be said of Francis Bacon's best utterances, when divested of their scientific paraphernalia, is sufficient praise for a "plain man," such as Matthew Arnold wished to have himself considered. To break down a protective tariff on moral and social ideas, to puncture the bladder of cockney conceit, to demonstrate to the "imperial race" that its sense of beauty was starved, its manners odious, its intellectual life barren, its religious code opposed to the instinct of self-preservation in humanity, was a task from which even a Bacon might have shrunk. Who can calmly survey the intellectual history of England for the past thirty years and assert that Matthew Arnold's courageous and systematic attempt has entirely failed? That before his death his

"current of fresh and true ideas" had begun to flow and to transform certain waste places was reward enough,—it was more than he had hoped.

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON.

LANG'S LETTERS ON LITERATURE.*

In writing the preface to the second edition of his delightful "Letters to Dead Authors," Mr. Lang was minded of the many compositions with which he desired to burden the Dead Letter Office, and he promised some day to offer another volume of these essays. This volume has now made its appearance. Instead of being addressed to the several authors treated, however, the letters in the present volume are indited to people of fancy, the object of the author being "to discuss a few literary topics with more freedom and personal bias than might be permitted in a graver kind of essay." The first two essays are on Modern English Poetry; then follow letters on Fielding, Longfellow, A Friend of Keats (John Hamilton Reynolds), Virgil, Aucassin and Nicolette, Plotinus, Lucretius, Rochefoucauld, Vers de Société, Richardson, Gérard de Nerval, Books about Red Men, and a brotherly epistle "To a Young American Bookhunter."

In his discussion of Modern English Poetry, Mr. Lang touches upon the work of the Laureate, of Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Robert Bridges. The last-named is introduced to American readers and students of poetry probably for the first time,—though stray copies of his Poems (from Mr. Daniel's private press in Oxford), of his "Prometheus the Firegiver" and "Eros and Psyche," if not of his tragedy "Nero," had fallen into the hands of a few collectors and students in America. It is unfortunate for lovers of poetry that the books of Mr. Bridges are so scarce and hard to come by. "This poet," Mr. Lang tells us, "never writes in magazines; his books have not appealed to the public by any sort of advertisement, only two or three of them have come forth in the regular way." Even in his shorter pieces Mr. Lang finds, "besides their verbal beauty and their charming pictures, a manly philosophy of Life;" and, in brief, he owes so much pleasure to the delicate air of Mr. Bridges' verse, that if his introduction here "be impertinence, silence were ingratitude."

The work of Robert Browning has been so carefully weighed and considered by Mr. Lang in an able and widely read article which lately appeared in an American magazine,

* LETTERS ON LITERATURE. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

that it seems hardly necessary to do more than note here that Mr. Lang has little sympathy with the many worshippers "who make it a kind of religion to regard Mr. Browning as the greatest of living English poets. . . . The charm of an enigma now attracts students who feel proud of being able to understand what others find obscure. But this attraction must inevitably become a stumbling-block." For the earlier pieces of this poet, however, Mr. Lang gives a full meed of praise; but he is inclined to believe that "impartial posterity" will hardly rate him with the Laureate. As to the latter, he wisely says:

"Let us attempt to get rid of every bias, and, thinking as dispassionately as we can, we still seem to read the name of Tennyson in the golden book of English poetry. I cannot think that he will ever fall to a lower place, or be among those whom only curious students pore over, like Gower, Drayton, Donne, and the rest. Lovers of poetry will always read him as they will read Wordsworth, Keats, Milton, Coleridge, and Chaucer. Look his defects in the face, throw them into the balance, and how they disappear before his merits! He is the last and youngest of the mighty race, born, as it were, out of due time, late, and into a feeblener generation."

For the poetry of the late Matthew Arnold, we find that Mr. Lang has all of an Oxford man's regard. And students and admirers of Mr. Arnold, whose lines "murmur in our memory through all the stress and accidents of life," must echo the feeling of Mr. Lang, who, if he were to "write out of mere personal preference, and praise most that which best fits one's private moods," would place Mr. Arnold at the head of contemporary English poets—though "reason and reflection, discussion and critical judgment, tell one that he is not quite there." Unlike the Laureate and Mr. Browning, "the surest-footed" of our poets, as Mr. Swinburne calls Arnold, when he detected a waning power, knew when and where to stop. In his poetry we find none of the "creeping prose," which, as Mr. Lang says, "invades even 'Tintern Abbey.'"

In the letter on Fielding, we find ourselves much entertained by Mr. Lang's humorous reference to the comparative popularity in the Upper Mississippi Valley of the works of the eighteenth century novelist with those of the late Rev. E. P. Roe. In this district the latter seems to bear the palm by an overwhelming majority. "A thousand of his books are sold for every two copies of the works of Henry Fielding," says Mr. Lang. Whereupon he is minded of the story of Dr. Johnson and Miss Hannah More. The latter had alluded to some witty passages in "Tom Jones," when the former replied: "I am shocked to hear you quote from so vicious a book. I am sorry to hear you have read it, a confession which

no modest lady should ever make." But who that has read "Tom Jones" and the rest is not willing to accept Mr. Lang's dictum that "our only way of dealing with Fielding's morality is to take the best of it and leave the remainder alone?"

The letter on Longfellow gives almost the only genuine note of praise that has been sounded from abroad in behalf of that pure and gentle spirit. One longs to quote entire this little essay, which must prove both grateful and comforting to the native admirer of him whose lines have so often sung themselves into the memory. Perhaps it is not too much to say that in his felicitous way, Mr. Lang treats Longfellow with as much tenderness and delicacy, in the "Letters on Literature," as he showed toward Thackeray and Poe in his "Letters to Dead Authors." He says:

"What an interesting tract might be written by anyone who could remember, and honestly describe, the impressions that the same books have made on him at different ages. There is Longfellow, for example. I have not read much in him for twenty years. I take him up to-day, and what a flood of memories his music brings with it! To me it is like a sad autumn wind blowing over the woods, blowing over the empty fields, bringing the scents of October, the song of a belated bird, and here and there a red leaf from the tree. There is that autumnal sense of things fair and far behind, in his poetry, or if it is not there, his poetry stirs it in our forsaken lodges of the past. Yes, it comes to one out of one's boyhood; it breathes of a world very vaguely realised—a world of imitative sentiments and forebodings of hours to come. Perhaps Longfellow first woke me to that later sense of what poetry means, which comes with early manhood."

Mr. Lang does not agree with those who tell us that the "Psalm of Life" is as good as a sermon; "it is not even coherent." But comparing a strain from "The Reaper and the Flowers" with one from Gautier's "Château de Souvenir," he asks of his correspondent

"Which poet brings the break into the reader's voice? It is not the dainty, accomplished Frenchman, the jeweller in words; it is the simpler speaker of our English tongue that stirs you as a ballad moves you."

His choice among the longer pieces is "Hiawatha," which he finds:

"Full of sympathy with men and women, nature, beasts, birds, weather and wind and snow. Everything lives with a human breath, as everything should live in a poem concerned with these wild folk, to whom all the world, and all in it, is personal as themselves."

In his letter on Virgil, which seems to have been written in reply to an inquiry concerning that author's merit, rather than because of any real affection for him or his work, we find Mr. Lang making a most remarkable confession—a dislike for olives and claret, two harmless creatures. But he is such a humorist that we hardly know when such confessions

are sincere; as, for instance, when he says that he fears he will never see America, unless physicians, of whom he *suffers many things*, send him here. Yet elsewhere he says if he were a bachelor he would emigrate to America to-morrow, being very sick of the present stage of the European Revolution. And again he says:

"For babies roscate of hue
I do not always care."

Yet we find him continually writing fairy stories and editing books of fairy mythology.

The letters on Aucassin and Nicolette, and on Gérard de Nerval's "Sylvie," must be passed lightly over. It may be said that they are quite as idyllic in their way as are the two Provençal romances themselves, and their charm can be fully felt only by a perusal of them. The letter on Richardson, Mr. Lang tells us, is "by a lady more frequently the author's critic than his collaborator."

The letter on Lucretius carries us into a different age, and deals with a subject which must now occupy a goodly portion of Mr. Lang's time since he has a lectureship on the History of Religion, at St. Andrew's University, Scotland. He assures us that—

"The *De Rerum Naturæ* was written for no other purpose than to destroy Religion, as Lucretius understood it, to free men's minds from all dread as to future punishment, all hope of Heaven, all dread or desire for the interference of the gods in this mortal life of ours on earth. For no other reason did Lucretius desire to 'know the causes of things,' except that the knowledge would bring 'emancipation,' as people call it, from the gods, to whom men had hitherto stood in the relation of the Roman son to the Roman sire, under the *patria potestas* or in *manu patris*.

True, as early as Homer, we hear of the shadowy existence of the souls, and of the torments endured by the notably wicked; by impious ghosts, or tyrannical, like Sisypheus and Tantalus. But when we read the opening books of the 'Republic,' we find the educated friends of Socrates treating these terrors as old-wives' fables. They have heard, they say, that such notions circulate among the people, but they seem never for a moment to have themselves believed in a future of rewards and punishments."

We can derive no more consolation from this philosophy than from the teaching of Mr. Ingersoll, and one must be led to conclude, with Mr. Lang, that

"It is an almost intolerable philosophy, the philosophy of eternal sleep, without dreams and without awakening. This belief is wholly divorced from Joy, which inspires all the best art. This negation of hope has 'close-lipped Patience for its only friend.'"

The letter "To a Young American Book-Hunter" proffers much good advice, but bibliomaniacs do not always heed advice nor do they profit by the experience and misfortune of others. Mr. Lang does not even take his own advice; but he shows us where

he has made mistakes, and at the same time lets us into the secret of his likes and dislikes. "You can hardly ever get a novel of Jane Austen's in the first edition," he tells us. "She is rarer than Fielding or Smollett. Some day it may be the same in Miss Broughton's case. Cling to the fair and witty Jane, if you get a chance."

In the essay on "Books about Red Men," Mr. Lang dares to be almost as humorous as he can. He has been interested in Red Indians since he was eight and read Cooper. He is glad to hear that his nephew at Eton likes "She," and hastens to assure him that though the heroine was over two thousand years old, "She" is a true story. There is a bit of autobiography in this essay that is decidedly amusing, and tends to show that the young would-be Indian-hunters have not all lived in America. Mr. Lang tells us that at an early age he bought a tomahawk, and as he had also lots of spears and boomerangs from Australia, the poultry used to have rather a rough time of it. "I never could do very much with a boomerang," he goes on, "but I could throw a spear to a hair's breadth, as many a chicken had occasion to discover."

I also made a stone pipe, like Hiawatha's, but I never could drill a hole in the stem, so it did not 'draw' like a civilized pipe." He offers to lend his nephew the best book he ever came across about Red Indians called "A Narrative of the Captivity and Adventures of John Tanner, during Thirty Years' Residence among the Indians;" but he requests "young hopeful" to illustrate it on separate sheets of paper, and not to make drawings on the pages of the book.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, who lately announced his opinion of the prose of the day, which he has found "terribly dull and cumbrous," "heavy in movement and uncouth or exaggerated in expression," mentions, among the masters in English prose, Matthew Arnold, "who is a model," George Meredith, "who is a warning," Mr. Lang, "who is the divine amateur." We do not quite understand this remark as it applies to Mr. Lang. It may have reference to his versatility. Certainly no other living English author could have written the "Letters to Dead Authors." But Mr. Lang's style is never better than when it is *his own*. And we find it in all that he does (that is not imitative), whether it be an essay on Gerard de Nerval or a treatise on Comparative Mythology. That acute critic and genial essayist, Mr. Birrell, has said in his suggestive essay on "The Office of Literature," that "authors ought not to be above being reminded that it is their duty to write agreeably. . . . Every author, be he grave or gay, should try to make his book as ingratiating as possible. Nobody is under any obligation to read any

other man's book. Literature exists to please, —to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while to forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim features; and those men of letters are the best loved who have best performed literature's truest office." The books of Mr. Lang, at least in the humble judgment of those who have read him most, come as near, perhaps, as those of any other living author to fulfilling the mission of literature as outlined by Mr. Birrell. It is not necessary to our enjoyment that we should agree with him in all things; and if to some who have not read him curiously or much, he does seem to possess a too "dainty and learned habit" that is not wholly appreciated, such a possession can hardly be counted a fault. From the abundance of his knowledge he replenishes our meager store; he sharpens our wits; he presents us to new acquaintances, and increases our enjoyment of the old. He unobtrusively instructs us while seemingly bent only on our entertainment. And this is done with a gentleness of tone, and a felicity and simplicity of expression, that win attention to his words and charm us as we listen.

The volume containing the "Letters on Literature" is dressed in a simple dark cover of stout buckram, and is well printed on paper of good quality and with ample margins. One may say of it, as was said of the "Letters to Dead Authors," from the same pen, and even more appropriately, "in a small space is the bloom of many books."

W. IRVING WAY.

OMITTED CHAPTERS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.*

It can hardly be doubted, as Mr. Conway says, that "the nation knows little of a very interesting figure of its early history"; or that, to quote Mr. Justice Mathews (page 142), Edmund Randolph "was certainly a most interesting character, and played a very important part in that period of our history which above all others deserves study." But his career, although so brilliant, came suddenly to an end, and was soon almost forgotten. To rescue the name and fame of this statesman from oblivion, is Mr. Conway's object in writing this book. This would seem to be a sufficient *raison d'être* for the work; but does not his biographer claim just a little too much for him in saying, as he does, that to Randolph the initiation and ratification of the Constitution

are especially due? The evidence in hand is better calculated to justify the more modest estimate of his character which Mr. Justice Mathews gives. Mr. Conway says:

"The student of our constitutional history, looking back through the vista of a century, sees in the chain of causes which led to our union, two links specially salient: one was the Annapolis Convention which convinced men representing divergent views and interests that they could unite for mutual aid. The other was the consent of Washington to attend the Philadelphia Convention, securing for its work the sanction of his powerful name. Both of these were primarily due to Randolph."

The argument seems to be: The Constitution would not have been formed without Washington's presence at the Philadelphia Convention; it was through Randolph's influence that he attended; *ergo* —. It is often easy to say, but hard to prove, that something would not have happened unless something else had happened. They who cannot believe that our Constitution sprang, Minerva-like, perfect from the brain of the Philadelphia Convention, but who hold that it was rather a gradual growth, will hardly assent to the conclusion of this syllogism. But what was Randolph's direct influence upon the Constitution? "His republicanism was of a type for which the world was hardly ripe. He desired a government much like what the present House of Commons would be without a monarch or an hereditary house." The difference between a constitution like this and the one actually adopted, added to the fact that Randolph was one of the three who steadfastly refused to sign the Constitution, throws some doubt upon Mr. Conway's claim as to Randolph's influence upon the initiation of that document. Doubtless his position in the Virginia Convention, though inconsistent, had much to do with Virginia's ratification. From a recusant at the Philadelphia Convention he shortly became an ardent supporter of the Constitution in the Virginia Convention which ratified it. This inconsistency pointed the arrow with which Patrick Henry pierced him in that memorable debate. He replied that in the union the enemies of the Constitution as it then stood might hope to have their ideas incorporated in it by way of amendments.

But does this work solve the great Randolph enigma? In 1795 he retired from his position as Secretary of State with a stigma upon his name which still remains. Was he, or was he not, guilty of secret agreement with the notorious French minister, Fauchet? Washington's administration was a critical period in American history. It was Randolph's duty as Secretary of State to aid the President in facing the tremendous difficulty of keeping America neutral in the war then imminent between England and France. This difficulty was brought to a head when to the famous British

*OMITTED CHAPTERS OF HISTORY. Disclosed in The Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph, Governor of Virginia, First Attorney-General of the United States, Secretary of State. By Moncure D. Conway. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Treaty was added a proviso to the effect that during the war with France the United States should not export to Europe any of her own staple products or those of the West Indies. "Unconditional ratification" was the clamor of the "British" party; but the indignant Republicans asked, "Shall America help starve the nation which aided her in gaining independence?" Randolph urged Washington not to sign the treaty save on condition of the revocation of the obnoxious proviso. The President, seemingly yielding to the Secretary's advice, asked him to prepare a memorial requesting the British government to withdraw the proviso. Several days later, with never a word to Randolph, Washington signed the treaty unconditionally. Meanwhile, Fauchet, in a dispatch to his government, had insinuated some damaging charges against the Secretary of State. Captured on a French vessel, homeward-bound, by a British ship, the dispatch fell into the hands of the British minister, who lost no time in making its contents known to Randolph's enemies, the "British" party in the Cabinet. Washington knew about the intercepted dispatch, but, strange to say, the Secretary was summoned, without a moment's warning, to answer the charges before the Cabinet. There was nothing left for him to do but to resign. With some bitter words to Washington (was this the unpardonable sin?) he immediately handed in his resignation.

This specific charge against the "suppressed statesman," that he was in secret agreement with the French minister, we think Mr. Conway has succeeded in answering; but, while we may admit that he has vindicated Randolph's personal honor, we must say that he has left his political character enigmatical still. Mr. Conway thinks that Jefferson's was the hand that marred the fair fame of the Secretary's character. Jefferson, while seemingly friendly to the man who succeeded him as Secretary of State, insinuated in letters to friends that he was a chameleon, and changed his policy to suit his environment. However this may be, history has said that Randolph was not a political success. Attempts like this to set aside the verdict of history rarely succeed. As might be expected from his former works, Mr. Conway has written a readable book, but, if tested by the object he set for himself, hardly a successful one. With the new material at his command, he has put Washington's administration in much clearer light than it was before, but so far as Randolph is concerned, this only seems to deepen the shadow of his political life. While the portrait, here so well drawn, of this singularly gifted, cultured, and learned, and yet withal self-conscious man, is pleasing, the verdict of history in regard to him will doubtless remain

substantially what Madison indicates. In a letter to James Monroe, dated Jan. 26, 1796 (see Madison's works, II: 74), Madison writes: "His (Randolph's) greatest enemies will not easily persuade themselves that he was under a corrupt influence of France, and his best friends cannot save him from the self-condemnation of his political career, as explained by himself."

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

RECENT FICTION.*

The composition of a work of fiction is something to which most distinguished men seem to come, sooner or later, at the present day. So it is with little surprise that we find the name of Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson upon the title-page of a recent novel. His book is called "The Son of a Star," and is a semi-historical romance of the Emperor Hadrian and the Jewish revolt during his reign. The scene is laid in Britain, Rome, and Palestine. Dr. Richardson has lent a romantic glamour to the production by the introduction of several mysterious personalities who, while their lives and deeds verge upon the supernatural, come yet within the bounds of possibility as conceived by a daring imagination. The "son of a star" is a foundling whose life is overshadowed by mysterious prophecies which point to his future greatness as the deliverer of the Jewish people; in other words, as the object of that fervent Messianic hope which, for a considerable period, inspired the Hebrew race, chafing under the yoke of the conqueror. He is represented as springing from the union of the Emperor Trajan with a Jewish priestess, and as presenting, in form and feature, a startling likeness of his illustrious father. After a series of highly-thrilling adventures in various parts of the world, he advances to the destiny marked out for him,

* THE SON OF A STAR. A Romance of the Second Century. By Benjamin Ward Richardson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

IN FAR LOCHABER. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CRESSY. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

RALEIGH WESTGATE; OR, EPIMENIDES IN MAINE. By Helen Kendrick Johnson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE TORY'S DAUGHTER. A Romance of the North-West. 1812-1813. By A. G. Riddle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ILIAN; OR, THE CURSE OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH OF BOSTON. By Chaplain James J. Kane, U.S.N. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP. An Episode in the History of Psychological Research. By J. P. Quincy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

GERTRUDE'S MARRIAGE. By W. Heimbürg. Translated from the German, by Mrs. J. W. Davis. New York: Worthington Co.

THE COURT OF CHARLES IV. A Romance of the Escorial. By B. Perez Galdos. From the Spanish, by Clara Bell. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

and leads the Jews to a revolt, successful for the time. The end, of course, is what history requires it should be, the suppression of the rebellious race; but the hero who has played the part of Messiah is spared to end his days with his beloved Erine, in the western island of "Peace and Beauty,"—the Juverna of the ancients, the Ireland of history. A more ambitious piece of work than this romance has rarely been undertaken, even by a professional romancer. Dr. Richardson has worked upon an even larger canvas than the author of "Hypatia," of "Salamambo," or of "Ein Kampf um Rom." He has brought to the work, too, considerable talents, although far less constructive power than is displayed in either of the three works thus cited for comparison. His historical reading in relation to the period seems to have been wide but desultory, and in one case he makes the astonishing blunder of putting the reign of Marcus Aurelius antecedent to that of Trajan (p. 61). His most daring historical feat is performed in connection with Antinous, whom he represents as a Jewish maiden, known to be such by the emperor, by whose commands she assumes the masculine garb, and who, after disappearing in the Nile at Heliopolis, reappears in her proper person, as an inspired prophetess and leader of her people! This will sufficiently illustrate the extent to which the author has allowed himself to be carried away by imagination. Among the fine things of the book—for it is fine, in episodes—are the delineation of the moody and philosophical Hadrian, the picture of Roman military life in Britain, and the description of the Jewish preparations for the revolt. In his Jewish scenes, the author has made a highly effective use of the Old Testament scriptures, and displays an unusual knowledge of the Hebrew ritual and ceremonial. As a humorist he fails, as a rule, most dismally, although the Noviomagian episode offers, in its felicitous conception, something of an exception to this general proposition. The style of the work cannot be described as good. Aside from the forced effect of a persistent use of the present tense for purposes of narration, it has many other faults. It is too nervous and disjointed; too matter-of-fact for the purposes of romance. It does not rise into eloquence when the occasion demands eloquence for its adequate expression. On the other hand, it may be said that it is fairly perspicuous, and that it has not to answer for any very grievous sins of rhetorical affectation.

Mr. Black's novels always introduce the reader to people whom he would like to know, and invite his presence at scenes which he cannot help wishing he might actually witness. "In Far Lochaber" is no exception to this general rule, and will be found nearly as

fresh and entertaining as some of the best of its predecessors. The situation may be described as that of "A Daughter of Heth" reversed. In that exquisite romance the heroine, a woman accustomed to a life of which enjoyment was believed to be at least one of the aims, found herself suddenly thrown among people who regarded pleasure as a snare of Satan. In the present story, the heroine is a girl educated among the sternest of Puritan influences, whose life is suddenly transplanted to a sunnier region. The scene is laid, of course, in Mr. Black's own dear Highlands, and both his poetical interpretation of nature and his hearty philosophy of life appear at their best in its pages. The humorous diversion is supplied by an impish Highland lad named Johnny, who looks upon the world as his own particular oyster, designed mainly to provide amusement for himself. He forms one of the brightest and most original figures in Mr. Black's extensive gallery. The religious motive which is at the basis of the action is used with considerable skill.

Miss Murfree's latest work, "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," is constructed upon familiar lines, and differs mainly from its predecessors in being very much longer than any of them. It is, we think, too long for its purpose, which is the relation of a comparatively simple story. A reader must possess more than the usual endowment of patience to attentively peruse the long descriptions and dialect conversations of which it is made up, although there is not a page out of the five hundred that will not richly repay examination. The characters are living as few characters live in contemporary fiction; their words and actions have the stamp of accurate observation and the minutest truth, and the entire investment of their story is highly artistic. The spaciousness of the environment, thus brought into relation with the individual figures, seems to enlarge them and to bestow upon them a more than individual significance. Of Miss Murfree's feeling for nature, and of her power to give it dignified and adequate expression, of her sympathy both with its gentle and its austere moods, it would be difficult to speak with too much praise. Like the chorus in some ancient tragedy, the mountains play their part in her work, intimately associated with and yet apart from the human actors upon her stage, giving to the drama a solemnity that is most impressive and a breadth that allies it with more famous actions upon more conspicuous scenes.

Mr. Bret Harte's stories are always charming, in spite of the improbabilities with which they are veined, and "Cressy," in which the element of improbability is a little more

marked than usual, will hold the attention to the end. The hero is a young school-master in Southern California, who becomes entangled with a fair but untutored pupil. We must confess that we cannot see why the author does not allow them to marry and "live happily ever afterwards," but he probably had occult reasons of his own for refusing his readers this consummation.

"Raleigh Westgate; or, Epimenides in Maine," is the title of a curious but not uninteresting novel by Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson. It is in substance, a sentimental modern love-story, but a tinge of romance is provided in the ancestral history with which the characters of the present day are ingeniously linked. The earlier chapters, descriptive of Raleigh's birthplace and boyhood years, are particularly good, calling up, as they do, suggestions of the legendary past of the New England coast.

With a little more care expended upon its composition "The Tory's Daughter" would have been an excellent story. As it is, the many faults of style and construction do not prevent it from being more than usually readable. It is a romance of the Northwest in the times of Harrison and Tecumseh, and the war of 1812. The author's handling, no less than his theme, is suggestive of Cooper, and his work will compare favorably with the frontier romances of that writer. Its excellence as a story makes peculiarly regrettable the slipshod style, of which the following sentence is a fair illustration: "Mrs. Proctor, with her three children, the wife and family of the general, arrived at Malden, in the absence of Edith on this memorable excursion to the river Raisin, a handsome, charming woman, of gracious manners, and elevated character." The faults of construction are due, partly to the assumption that the general reader is familiar with the historical details of border warfare in 1812, and partly to a failure, on the writer's part, to define clearly the relation of characters and events to each other. The story presents many little perplexities resulting from these two causes, and its comprehension is made unnecessarily difficult.

"Ilian; or, the Curse of the Old South Church of Boston," by Chaplain James J. Kane, U.S.N., is described as a "psychological tale of the late civil war." Its psychological element consists, as might be expected, in a liberal use of the marvellous as illustrated by phenomena of the so-called clairvoyant sort. This sort of "psychology" has invaded popular fiction to a considerable extent of late years, and far too many people have been induced to take it seriously. The story is, in other respects, a wild farrago of melodramatic incident, and impossible scenes and characters. Anything more utterly devoid of literary quality it

would be difficult to find even among contemporary novels. The story is equally distinguished for bad construction, bad taste, and bad grammar. Perhaps the crowning absurdity is to be found in a scene which represents the heroine, about to plunge a jewelled dagger into the heart of the man who possesses the secret of her life, and whom, in consequence, she seeks to destroy, as suddenly quelled by the calm gaze of her intended victim, and remarking, as she sinks back in a state of collapse, "I think you are awful mean." The writer tells us that he composed the story during a series of extensive wanderings that embraced Europe and America, the Orient and the Occident. The result is quite as incoherent as the conditions under which it was produced.

While we are upon the subject of those types of the impossibly marvellous which some writers choose to dignify by the appellation of "psychical" or "psychological," it may be well to say a few words of Mr. J. P. Quincy's "The Peckster Professorship." Unlike the work just characterized, this volume has a distinct literary flavor, and, to that extent, deserves to be treated with respect. In fact, this literary quality is so marked that it makes the story, or series of stories, really fascinating, and augments, in a marked degree, the deleterious intellectual influence it is likely to exert. A more ingenious argument, put in more attractive form, for the possibility of the impossible, it would be difficult to frame. We use the term "impossible" in the practical rather than the strictly logical sense. In the latter sense, indeed, few things are impossible. It is not impossible, for example, that two men, uninfluenced by each other, should write books (or a book) upon the same subject, and in literally the same words from first to last, but the improbability is such that no one believes that such a thing will ever happen. Again, it is not logically impossible that exactly the same material molecules which to-day constitute a given specimen of mankind should, a thousand years from now, again be brought together in the same arrangement; but the likelihood of such an occurrence is so small that no one would give it serious consideration. Now, the alleged phenomena of "telepathy" and "clairvoyance" are in precisely such a case as this. The explanation given by the psychical researchers of the curious phenomena that they collect so eagerly involves an improbability so enormously great when contrasted with the extremest improbabilities taken into account in the most rigorous scientific reasonings, that the scientific reason is perfectly justified in rejecting it altogether, and in setting down the explanation as, for all practical purposes, an impossible one. In spite of the show of scientific

knowledge in such works as "The Peckster Professorship," they are wanting in the scientific spirit, and no one imbued with that spirit will fail to recognize this fact. The truth is that it is literature (feeling, fancy, imagination), and not science, that primarily appeals to their readers, and it must be confessed that in taking this course literature exceeds its province. It is, indeed, wholly unworthy of literature to lend its adventitious aid in thus tricking out an extreme scientific improbability, and in endeavoring to make plausible notions that, stated in precise terms, are utterly devoid of plausibility.

The German lady who writes under the name of W. Heimbürg is a novelist of the popular "Marlitt" type, and her story of "Gertrude's Marriage," translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, will doubtless find a host of sentimental feminine admirers. It is a love-story which brings in the marriage at an early date, in order that the reader's soul may be harrowed at great length by the estrangement resulting from a stupid credulity on her part and a proud unwillingness to explain the matter on his. The cause of the difficulty is simple and easily enough explicable, and it is only in a German novel that it could by any possibility play so disastrous a part.

"The Court of Charles IV." is merely an episode in the series of Galdos' semi-historical romances dealing with the years of Napoleonic intrigue and invasion. It is, however, reasonably complete in itself, and presents a picture of city and court life in Madrid and the Escorial which is outlined with a considerable degree of descriptive and satirical power. These Spanish novels have a curious lack of finish and of artistic quality as it is commonly understood, but they engage the interest by their striking realism and the strangeness of the scenes and points of view to which they introduce their readers.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

MR. WHITTIER is not usually mentioned among the great prose-writers of America, although the beautiful Riverside edition of his works contains three volumes of prose to four of verse. The poetical works were recently reviewed at some length in these columns (December, 1888); and the prose works, which are now first brought together, certainly furnish material and suggestion for a still more extended notice. For the reviewer, as for the reader, these volumes have many a surprise in store; one would not have thought that Mr. Whittier had written so much that was memorable. The first volume is devoted to "Margaret Smith's Journal" and to a score of "Tales and Sketches"; the second contains "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," "Personal Sketches and Tributes," and "Historical Papers"; the third brings us his more note-

worthy contributions to anti-slavery literature and to political and social questions, together with several papers appropriately grouped under the heading "The Inner Life," and five short critical pieces. Needless to say, the generous humanity and large-mindedness which have endeared the Quaker poet to millions of readers shine everywhere in his prose work as in his verse. In his world, "conduct is three-fourths of life" in no mere theoretical sense; and one might almost add that the other fourth is beauty—the beauty of holiness. For in him, holiness is a quality so gracious and tolerant and sympathetic as to lose the depressing associations which the word recalls to anyone who looks back with a thankful shudder to a Puritan breeding. These papers were, of course, worthy of preservation for their historical value alone: not only are the political papers significant records of a memorable struggle, but many of the lighter pieces rescue from forgetfulness picturesque phases of New England life and superstition. In some cases the biographical sketches will keep alive the memory of unfortunate patriots, like Placido the Cuban poet; or of humble heroes and heroines, like John Woolman and Abigail Becker. Some of the papers take us back to the period which the elder generation still remembers, when the class of women who now chiefly teach the youth in our schools were the typical operatives of the Lowell mills. Mr. Whittier's prose has many excellent qualities: it is simple, direct, cogent, tasteful. His eloquence and his descriptive power are alike notable, but perhaps his narrative ability is more striking still; in humor, simplicity, and precision, his narrative verse is hardly equal to his prose. Whittier must take an honorable place among our prose writers; his merits may seem modest, but they are such as are likely to wear. Henceforward these prose sketches will be a valuable instrument in the education of the young; Whittier's biographical and narrative sketches will be read by the side of Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales" and Irving's "Sketch Book." In these pure pages there is nothing to regret; no weeding or expurgation will be needed; let them be placed in every juvenile library, and let the older and wearier children resort to them from time to time for refreshment and solace.

HE must indeed be devoid of feeling who can read without a tear the exquisite volume wherein Mr. Theodore Bacon rescues from undeserved contempt the "wounded name" of his gifted kinswoman, Delia Bacon. Perhaps no more elegant book (not an *édition de luxe*) ever issued from the Riverside Press (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and it is not too much to say that the contents are entirely worthy of their setting forth. Flowering out upon the desert air of New England early in the century, Miss Bacon's sensitive spirit was foredoomed to be blasted by the moral east wind of that time and clime. Her biographer handles this phase of his subject with great discretion, but enough is said to show us that her liberal genius spent its best energies in the disheartening struggle to make head against the stony conservatism of those dearest and nearest to her. This struggle is all the more terrible when it is for the most part waged in silence, the baffled soul consuming itself for want of outward nourishment and sympathy. Such seems to have been the inner history of Delia Bacon. It is no wonder she became insane. In order to verify the discov-

ery she thought she had made concerning Shakespeare, a residence in England was necessary. As her own relatives, who seem to have looked upon her literary heresy with solemn severity, would not have assisted her if they could, she was obliged to depend upon strangers for the means of carrying out her plans. Nothing could be more creditable to human nature than the unflinching kindness and attention with which she was treated by strangers at home and abroad. Not only men like Emerson, Carlyle, Hawthorne, and women like Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Hawthorne, but also the humble people among whom she chanced to be thrown in England, were impressed by her distinction of character and treated her with the tenderest consideration. How she gave herself with the unstinted devotion of womanhood to a task she regarded as sacred, how her means failed, how she undermined her health by ceaseless labor and privation, how she proudly isolated herself from the distinguished people who would have esteemed it a privilege to succor her, how the iron entered her soul and the clouds of distrust, *avant-coureurs* of insanity, darkened her fine mind,—the whole pathetic story must be read in Mr. Bacon's fascinating biography. Her own book failed principally because, as Hawthorne said, "she was too thoroughly in earnest to know what to leave out." There is no reason to doubt his further statement that a practiced bookmaker would have made an eminently successful book from her materials, full as they were of criticisms "which quite take the color out of other people's critical remarks on Shakespeare." As it is, her brilliant article in "Putnam's Monthly" for January, 1856 (reprinted in this volume) remains her worthiest literary monument. This biography would be welcome were it only for the new light it throws on the character of Hawthorne. His delicacy, tact, good-sense, and patient generosity in dealing with a poor, proud woman, whose gathering infirmity renders her suspicious, impracticable, ungrateful, evince a chivalry of soul beyond anything recorded of Sidney. There are many unpublished letters of Carlyle, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Hawthorne, together with many very interesting letters of Miss Bacon herself. Much of the latter part of the story is told in the beautiful language of Hawthorne, and some of it reads like an extract from one of his romances.

THE "Life of Raphael" (Cupples & Hurd) is the rather misleading title of a translation, by Sarah Holland Adams, from the German of Hermann Grimm. Little is known of Raphael's actual career, and Prof. Grimm wisely refrains from following his predecessors, Vasari, Passavant, and others, into the cloud-land of conjecture. Of Raphael the man, as known to his contemporaries, as he looked, moved, and spoke in the home of the Santis in Urbino, in Perugino's atelier in Perugia, in the thronged streets of Florence, or in the halls of the Vatican, scant memorials remain for the biographer. Hence this volume is far from being a "Life" in the Boswellian sense. But Raphael the artist is, in a way, still with us to tell his own story; and the skillful interpreter of his works may trace out for us the general tenor of his artistic development, the evidences of his intellectual growth, the variations wrought in his manner by changes of environment and by contact with the works of others. To this task our author chiefly devotes himself.

Raphael's emancipation from the early influence, never overmastering, of Perugino, his tendency to the historical and human rather than to the legendary and mystical treatment of Biblical subjects, his love of the dramatic grace and wealth of outward expression of Florentine art, and the final tempering of his Florentine manner by a repose and dignity of conception born of his study of Piero della Francesca and the Umbrian School, are clearly brought out. Prof. Grimm is at his best in his description and interpretation of Raphael's masterpieces, although at times his enthusiasm leads him into a little over-ingenuity. His theory, for instance, that the division of the "Transfiguration" into two scenes that do not belong together was due to the artist's desire to give to the figure of Christ the effect of an apparition, seems rather overwrought. "The observer," he says, "should be (as it were) forced to look at Christ, but only for a limited time, who, suddenly appearing, will just as suddenly vanish again." This device savors somewhat of a mechanical trick; and a simple explanation would be that Raphael merely sought to heighten the glory of Christ's figure by contrasting it with the scene of human misery below. The closing chapters of the volume, relating to the vicissitudes of Raphael's fame after his death, and to his treatment in modern criticism, convey a good deal of valuable thought and information in a rather desultory and fragmentary style. The translator's work is, in the main, satisfactory, although it shows occasional traces of carelessness: on page 57, for instance, we are told that "Ghiberti's conceptions succeeded to Donatello's"—the reverse of the truth. Why this well-bound, well-printed, and scholarly work should have been "launched upon the world without an index," and without cuts of the paintings it analyzes so minutely, is a problem of book-making which we must leave unsolved.

PROF. G. T. W. PATRICK, of the State University of Iowa, has reconstructed from one hundred and thirty fragments scattered throughout the literature of antiquity the "flowing philosophy" of old Heraclitus of Ephesus,—a thinker who seems to have had a very clear vision of the harmony of things, of what modern science calls the correlation and conservation of forces. When he said, "Into the same river you could not step twice, for other and still other waters are flowing," he evidently had in mind the same idea that we have when we talk about modes of motion. The fact that he makes this thought the key to a right understanding of Nature is what has given him the name of "the flowing philosopher." Flowing his philosophy was in another sense, inasmuch as it was borne in like a tide upon the best minds of antiquity, from Plato to Marcus Aurelius; so that, although his book "On Nature" is lost, a pretty complete reconstruction of his system of thought is possible from quotations alone. But Heraclitus has fared hard at the hands of modern philosophical sluice-builders, who have taken advantage of his flowing proclivity to tap him and draw him off into their several narrow channels. At first blush it might seem that he could have no just reason to complain of this treatment, for he seems to say what Tennyson represents him as saying:

"All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams are true,
All visions wild and strange;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change."

But in the case of a thinker whose complete work has not come down to us, it is especially unfair to judge his whole thought from a single text or set of texts. And the injustice of Tennyson's exposition of his thought lies in the fact that Tennyson does not take into account the profound truth underlying his beautiful saying: "The harmony of the world is a harmony of oppositions, as in the case of the bow and of the lyre." Small wonder the ancients gave Heraclitus the epithet of "the obscure," for the modern reader is frequently startled to find that this pre-Socratic thinker seems to have divined many of the proudest conclusions of modern science and philosophy,—as, for instance, when he asserts that "the way upward and the way downward are one and the same." Fortunately, Mr. Patrick does not approach the Ephesian sage in the hope of finding support for this or that philosophic system. The first fifty pages of his Introduction are devoted to a searching analysis of several "ambitious attempts at reconstructive criticism." This is the most technical part of the work, and, interesting as it must be to the student of philosophy, is hardly calculated to attract the general reader. The second section, containing the author's own reconstruction of Heraclitus, is a plain and vigorous piece of writing, which cannot fail to give pleasure and profit to any thoughtful reader. Indeed, the great and somewhat unusual merit of this whole study is its entire freedom from philosophic mysticism or clap-trap of any kind. It is full of subtle suggestiveness, as in these two pregnant sentences which embody a compact exposition and an ingenious defence of the intellectual system of the Ephesian: "But in the face of this all-embracing flux, the one idea which stands out most prominent in Heraclitus is the deep rationality of the world—the eternal Order. Nor in the last analysis are these two at variance, for any world must be rational to the beings in it, for the rationality of the world to us is only our adaptation to the world, which is involved in the very fact of our existence." In addition to his Introduction to Heraclitus, the author gives a translation of the fragments, with mention, and sometimes translations, of the sources. To this is appended critical notes, and the original text of the fragments. The work is creditable alike to its author and to American scholarship. (Baltimore: N. Murray.)

CAPTAIN MONTAGU-BURROWS is already well known to those who specialize in English history, through his "Family of Brocas of Beaurepaire and Roche Court," for in his opening chapters he has given us invaluable material upon the English rule in Aquitaine, and made us hope that he may become the historian of that important phase of England's activity abroad. Such a subject is in keeping with his occupancy of the chair of Modern History at Oxford. His latest work must have been thoroughly congenial to the naval officer. In "The Cinque Ports," the latest volume of the "Historic Towns" series (Longmans, Green, & Co.), he has availed himself of recent publications made by the British government to put into a popular treatise a section of English history as unknown to the general reader as the occurrences in Aquitaine in the thirteenth century. And yet, as he says, his sketch is an attempt "to depict the infancy and early triumphs of the British Navy, as practically represented by the Cinque Ports," a confederation which "has enjoyed

the singular felicity of having taken on the one hand a leading part in establishing the constitutional liberties of England, and on the other of having supplied the chief weapon used by its kings in the consolidation of its territory, and the restoration of its sovereignty in the Narrow Seas." The author writes forcibly, and enables his reader to follow with keen enjoyment those wardens of the south coast as they gradually made of the Channel a *mare clausum*, up to the time when Edward the First asserted the right of his "Barons" of the Ports to make all ships "strike their sails to them within the Narrow Seas." His reign marks the culmination of a glorious career which had lasted since Hastings battle,—for after his time began to be felt the disastrous influence of what the author calls the "Eastward Drift," which gradually silted up the harbors of some of the towns, and, as in the case of Sandwich, put broad sands between them and the sea which had been their domain, or, as in the case of Old Winchelsea, swept it away in so complete a destruction that "for many centuries no one has been able to point to any particular spot with certainty and say, 'Here stood Winchelsea.'" A valuable chapter is devoted to "The Cinque Port Institutions at Work," in which are explained the relations of the towns to the great fish-fair at Yarmouth, and the proceedings of the managing assembly called a "Brodhull," and of the "Court of Shepway." As a contribution to the history of municipal institutions in one of the most bustling of English localities, the book will be welcomed.

MAX O'RELL's sprightly book on "Jonathan and his Continent" (Cassell) is the result of a six months' "ramble through American society" by that vivacious if not veracious Frenchman. Whatever may be thought of the book in France and England, where it is possible it may be taken seriously, in America it can hardly be regarded otherwise than as a joke. This foreign observer has evidently fallen a victim to the American love of humor. There is a story told—is it by Mr. John Phoenix?—of a practical joker at a theatre who requested a gentleman in front of him to "punch the bald-headed man in the third row," and when the punch had been administered the joker turned disinterestedly away, leaving the situation to be explained as best it might. "Didn't you ask me to punch that gentleman?" demanded the angry victim. "Certainly," was the reply. "Well, sir, why did you ask me, if you didn't know the gentleman?" "I wanted to see if you would be fool enough to do it," calmly answered the humorist. It must have been from such practical jokers that this too credulous Frenchman gathered the materials for his hasty and hilarious volume. By an amiable conspiracy of the fun-loving fraternity, the game seems to have been a general one; each humorist, having practiced sufficiently on the Frenchman's gullibility, passing him on to the next one, who "loaded" him in turn. It was perhaps carrying a joke rather far; but the excuse of those who told the yarns would doubtless be that they wanted to see if the victim "would be fool enough" to swallow them. And certainly a foreigner who expects to "write up" a country like America after six months' study should be prepared to take risks. Read in its true light, O'Rell's book is diverting and amusing enough. As a collection of facts or a picture of society, it is about as

trustworthy as the chronicles of Eli Perkins or the science sketches of Bill Nye.

THE earlier volumes of Mr. Stedman's and Miss Hutchinson's "Library of American Literature" (C. L. Webster & Co.) have already received prominent notice in *THE DIAL*. Volumes V. and VI., lately issued, cover the period of the Republic from 1821 to 1860, which is confessedly the most brilliant of American authorship. The most famous names in our literary annals are represented in these two volumes, which will be found the richest in the whole series in specimens of our best literature. Examples are given of 183 writers—poets, historians, novelists, statesmen, divines, men of science, and leaders in the learned professions,—of whom Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Channing, Emerson, Poe, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, and Prescott constitute a galaxy of which a young nation like ours may well be proud. To select what is most illustrative of individual talent and accomplishment from the mass of material at command, considering the limits assigned to the compilation, was no easy task; but the editors have executed their work with the excellent taste and nice discrimination which we have previously so warmly commended. It is a question, however, whether in all cases the allotment of space to our most illustrious authors is commensurate with their importance and is graduated by what will be the ultimate verdict of the highest criticism. But so far as the examples given are concerned, it is freely conceded that none are admitted that are not worthy of the place they hold in the collection, which is a treasury of the best literature that our country has produced. These volumes contain steel engravings of Irving, Bryant, Hawthorne, and Poe, and twenty-six cuts of other distinguished personages, among whom are Channing, Cooper, Halleck, Prescott, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bancroft, and Garrison.

GOETHE'S "Tasso," edited for the use of students by Professor Calvin Thomas, is a most scholarly piece of work, quite abreast of the best editions of modern classics for English and American students, and for the purposes of the student of literature equalled only by the similar editions of Buchheim and Saintsbury in England and of Prof. J. M. Hart in America. Indeed, since Mr. Thomas aims to meet the wants not merely of the advanced college student but of the disinterested scholar, there is no derogation in saying that he has produced an edition of greater critical value than those of any of his predecessors except Mr. George Saintsbury. The Introduction is unusually full and interesting; the notes are devoted to critical and historical rather than to lexical difficulties. There is an excellent bibliography of works containing particularly valuable material for the elucidation of this play. In especial, too great praise can hardly be given the editor for the pains he has taken to secure an accurate text. The reader of German who has not yet yielded to the quiet charm of this unique masterpiece will find here the most fitting introduction and preparation; while he who is already conversant with its treasures of wisdom and sentiment will be likely to find more than one helpful suggestion in the material which Mr. Thomas has collected with such labor and presented with such unpretending taste. It may be further remarked that

the notes are likely to lead the student through Goethe's Tasso back to the historical Tasso. The typography and outward dress of the volume are highly creditable to its publishers (D. C. Heath & Co.)

MR. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, in his "Record of a Human Soul" (Longmans, Green, & Co.), announces, as an important new discovery, that religion and the supernatural appeal to the emotional side of man, and not to his reason. He even believes that "the immortality to which we have rightly to look forward is a continuance of the life, not of the intellectual, but of the emotional nature." In spite of the objections that might be urged to its philosophy, this neat little volume may be found soothing to some minds. It may show some young man how to lay his spectre doubts, and how to win his Kate, as did the heroic young doubter and diarist, James, whose struggles and ultimate peaceful state—not of orthodox belief, but of reverent emotion—are set before us by Mr. Hutchinson. We suspect, however, that James's struggles are not wholly over, that he has not yet fully solved the mystery of the spiritual life, and that emotion alone will not always satisfy him. When the sequel is told, we venture to hope that it will be in better English sentences, and that he will not talk, for instance, of countries "being over-legislated."

THE latest of the many recent additions to Shakespeare literature is a modest little volume by Mr. M. W. Cooke, entitled "The Human Mystery in Hamlet" (Fords, Howard & Hulbert). Mr. Cooke, in his studies of the play and character of Hamlet, reaches the conclusion that whether the Prince of Denmark was actually insane, or only feigning madness, is quite unimportant to the end which the author of "Hamlet" had in view—the portrayal of man in his inner spiritual nature, and the conflicts which take place within him when his passions and will are struggling for the mastery. Following the illustration of the themes are well chosen parallels from the ancient poets, Roman as well as Grecian, and apt comparisons between Hamlet and Orestes, Æneas and Ulysses, which add greatly to the interest of the book. Readers will find here more helpful thought and inspiration, and wiser guidance in the study of the great play, than in fanciful speculations as to its authorship or the painful elucidation of pretended ciphers.

A COLLECTION of selections from the prose of Heine, published a decade or more ago, now appears in a new edition with the title "Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos from the Prose of Heinrich Heine" (Cupples & Hurd). The work of selection and translation, by Mr. J. Snodgrass, is well done, and the present edition has been thoroughly revised. Few prose writers lose so little in an anthology as Heine, whose style—akin to Sterne's—is fitfully brilliant, and abounds in well-rounded short passages easily separable from the context. This volume—aside from its wit and pathos—is a store-house of thought and criticism of the rarest quality, and will prove a genuine intellectual treat to those readers hitherto unfamiliar with Heine's writings. The translator, in his introductory note, presents an appreciative sketch of the poet, and has added to the prose extracts a few verse renderings which are decidedly above the average.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

A NEW "Life of Henry M. Stanley," by the Rev. H. W. Little, will soon be published by the Lippincott Co.

A SERIES of "Adirondack Tales," by W. H. H. Murray, formerly known as "Adirondack Murray," is announced by Cupples & Hurd, Boston. The first volume will appear this spring.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON's poems are about to be published in London and New York, by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., in a volume entitled "The Afternoon Landscape." The same publishers also announce "Micah Clarke, his Statement," an autobiographical tale of Monmouth's Rebellion.

MR. EDWARD G. MASON, of Chicago, is to prepare the volume on Illinois for the series of "American Commonwealths." The volume is likely to be one of the best in this admirable series. Illinois has a peculiarly interesting, even romantic, history; and probably no writer could be named better fitted to treat it than Mr. Mason.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER'S SONS have about ready a volume of reminiscences by Lester Wallack, entitled "Memories of Fifty Years." Some of the chapters have already been printed in "Scribner's Monthly," and give promise of a very interesting volume. The illustrations will be numerous, and include many portraits of theatrical celebrities, many of them in stage costume.

A "History of the Participation of France in the Establishment of the United States of America," translated from the French of Henri Doniol, is about to be published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons. They have also in press a work by Theodore Roosevelt, on the early history of our Western territory, entitled "The Winning of the West and Southwest," which will comprise two volumes, the first covering the period 1769-1783, or to the close of the Revolution.

THE American translations of the series of "Great French Writers" have been delayed by the slowness of publication in Paris, but will shortly be resumed, and, it is hoped, will go forward rapidly. Some of the most interesting volumes of the series are in preparation—among the subjects being Voltaire, Rousseau, Lamartine, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, Racine, and Guizot. The French publishers, Messrs. Hachette & Co., write to the American publishers that the series has been highly successful in France.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., of Boston, issue a classified catalogue of their books by Western authors, by which it appears that nearly fifty of the authors whose works are published by their house reside in Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio, or some other Western State. "It may not be generally known," say the publishers, "that some of the most successful, as well as some of the most excellent books published by American authors are written by what might be called Western people, that is, by people who were born at least as far west as Ohio or Illinois." The catalogue contains an excellent portrait of Major Kirkland, author of "Zury" and "The McVeys."

MESSRS. A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON have just published a very handsome edition of Prof. Rein's great work on "The Industries of Japan," in a royal octavo volume, with rich colored illustrations, including representations of native fabrics, etc. Prof. Rein's work is based on travels and researches

undertaken at the cost of the Prussian government, and is very comprehensive in scope and thorough in treatment. It includes accounts of the arts of Japan, as well as its commerce, agriculture, mining, forestry, etc. With this work is issued a second edition of the author's "Travels and Researches in Japan," by the same publishers. Another notable book of travels from the same house is a translation from the French of Bonvalot's "Through the Heart of Asia, over the Pamir to India," in two volumes, with 250 illustrations (many full-page) by Albert Pepin.

THE failure of the House of Representatives to reach a vote on the Chase-Breckenridge bill for international copyright is to be regarded as a postponement, not a defeat, of the measure. Its passage by the House was reasonably certain, if it could have been put to vote; hence the obstructive tactics resorted to by its opponents—led, we are sorry to say, by an Illinois Congressman, Mr. Payson. We have already expressed the opinion that the bill ought to pass. It would be hard to frame any measure on the subject that should be more conservative or more tender of the interests of all concerned. Hence the opposition to it, which is ostensibly directed toward some particular feature of the bill, is really opposition to the principle of international copyright. No further concessions, therefore, should be made by the friends of the measure, but it should be pushed to a vote in the next Congress, where it will no doubt receive a handsome majority.

PATRIOTIC Americans—or those patriotic Americans who are able to buy rather costly books—will welcome the new edition of "The Writings of George Washington," edited by Mr. Worthington C. Ford and published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons. It will comprise in all fourteen volumes royal octavo, printed and bound in the handsome style of Lodge's edition of Hamilton's Works and Bigelow's edition of Franklin's Works. Volume I. has now appeared. It covers the period 1748-1757, and contains Washington's "Journal to the Ohio"—his report of the expedition made by him to the Ohio River in 1753, when but twenty-one years of age,—and a large amount of official correspondence during his service in the Virginia militia, written mostly to Gov. Dinwiddie. Not only are the letters far more numerous than in Sparks's edition, but they are printed in their original form, without the unwarrantable interpolations and changes which marred them in Sparks's edition, and so obscured and perverted the real character of their author. There could be no fitter monument to Washington in this centennial year, than this splendid collection of his writings.

HON. RASMUS B. ANDERSON, the American Minister to Denmark, has, while attending to the business of his legation, been able to accomplish not a little work in literature. He has completed a translation of Viktor Rydberg's great work on "Teutonic Mythology," to be published in two volumes, of which the first has just appeared in London, from the press of Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Snorre Sturlason's Icelandic Historical work, "Chronicles of the Kings of Norway," has been translated by Prof. Anderson, and will be published by J. C. Nimmo, London, in four volumes, of which he is now at work upon the third. He has also translated "Among the Cannibals," by Dr. Lumholtz,

for John Murray, London; and he has well under way a two-volume work on "The Folk-lore of Norway," and a translation of the "Elder Edda." A memorial to President Harrison has been prepared, and signed by many of the most eminent men in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, asking Minister Anderson's retention at Copenhagen, in view of the distinguished services he has rendered and is to render to Scandinavian literature. The DIAL would most heartily endorse the petition,—though glad to welcome him back to literary labors in his own country, and to renewed contributions to its pages.

A NEW work by George John Romanes, entitled "Mental Evolution in Man: the Origin of the Human Faculty," is just published by D. Appleton & Co. The work follows "Mental Evolution in Animals," by the same author, and discusses the probable mode of genesis of the human mind from the mind of lower animals. The same firm publish "The Folk-lore of Plants," by T. F. Thiselton Dyer, tracing the superstitions and fancies connected with plants in fairy-lore, in witchcraft and demonology, in religion, in charms, in medicine, and other branches. Also, a new volume in the "International Education Series," "The Development of the Intellect, Observations Concerning the Mental Development of the Human Being in the First Years of Life," by W. Preyer, Professor of Physiology in Jena; and "Nature and Man, Essays, Scientific and Philosophical," by the late William Benjamin Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., with an Introductory Memoir by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., and a Portrait. Messrs. Appleton & Co. have in preparation two volumes to be entitled "The History of Ancient Civilization" and "The History of Modern Civilization," being a translation of Ducoudray's "Histoire Sommaire de la Civilization," a recent French work that has been highly commended by European critics.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

MARCH, 1889.

American Commonwealth, Bryce's. *Political Science*.
Am. History, Omitted Chapters of. W. P. Stradley. *Dial*.
Americanists in Congress. *Popular Science*.
Arnold's Later Criticism. M. B. Anderson. *Dial*.
Aryans, The. Horatio Hale. *Popular Science*.
Ballot in N. Y., The. Mr. Bernheim. *Political Science*.
Belon, Pierre. *Popular Science*.
"Boulangism." M. Gauvain. *Political Science*.
Canada. Chas. Dudley Warner. *Harper's*.
Celestial Species. J. N. Lockyer. *Harper's*.
Chase, Wm. M. Kenyon Cox. *Harper's*.
Chemistry of To-Day. Ira Remsen. *Popular Science*.
Colonial Lawyers. Frank G. Cook. *Atlantic*.
Competition and Trusts. Geo. H. S. *Popular Science*.
"Demoniacal Possession." A. D. White. *Popular Science*.
Earth's Foundation-Stones. T. G. Bonney. *Pop. Science*.
Fiction, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
Fiji Islands. Coutts Trotter. *Popular Science*.
Glass-Making. C. H. Henderson. *Popular Science*.
Insect Life. David S. Jordan. *Dial*.
Institute of France. Theodore Child. *Harper's*.
Irish Question, Unionist View of. A. Forster. *Pol. Sci.*
Isthmus Canal and Our Government. S. F. Weld. *Atlantic*.
Lang's Letters on Literature. W. I. Way. *Dial*.
Law as a Disturber of Social Order. Benj. Reece. *Pop. Sci.*
License System, The. John Faville. *Andover*.
Mexican Superstitions. Thos. A. Janvier. *Scribner's*.
Motley's Letters. Geo. W. Curtis. *Harper's*.
Natural Science in Elementary Schools. *Popular Science*.
Norway. Björnstjerne Björnson. *Harper's*.
Old Testament Heroes, Immoralities of. *Andover*.
Progressive Income Taxes. Gustav Cohn. *Pol. Science*.
Railway Mail Service. Thos. L. James. *Scribner's*.
Reality. F. H. Johnson. *Andover*.
Scientific Anarchism. H. L. Osgood. *Political Science*.
Scientific Socialism. Arthur B. Woodard. *Dial*.

Seward, William H., S. J. and Isabel C. Barrows. *Atlantic*.
South Slavic Moon-Myths. F. S. Krauss. *Popular Science*.
Sunday Second Service. Newman Smythe. *Andover*.
Ticonderoga and Bennington. John Fiske. *Atlantic*.
Treves, Germany. W. B. Scott. *Scribner's*.
United States, A Bird's-Eye View of the. *Atlantic*.
Vienna. Curt von Zelan. *Harper's*.
Voting, New Method of. *Andover*.
Wagner's Heroes. Wm. F. Apthorp. *Scribner's*.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all books received by THE DIAL during the month of February, 1889.]

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

The Writings of George Washington. Collected and Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. In 14 vols. Vol. I., 1748-1757. Royal 8vo, pp. 513. Gilt top. Half-Leather. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00.
Whittier's Prose Works. In 3 volumes. (Vols. V., VI., and VII. of Whittier's Complete Works.) Vol. I., Margaret Smith's Journal, and Tales and Sketches; Vol. II., Old Portraits and Modern Sketches: Personal Sketches and Tributes: Historical Papers; Vol. III., The Conflict with Slavery: Politics and Reform: The Inner Life: Criticism. 12mo. Gilt top. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The set, \$4.50.
English Writers: An Attempt toward a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley, LL.D. Vol. IV. The Fourteenth Century, in Two Books:—Book I. 12mo, pp. 362. Gilt top. Cassell & Co. \$1.50.
Letters on Literature. By Andrew Lang. Fcp. 8vo. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.
Authors at Home. Personal and Biographical Sketches of Well-known American Writers. Edited by J. L. and J. B. Gilder. 12mo, pp. 354. Gilt top. Cassell & Co. \$1.50.
Field and Hedgerow. Being the Last Essays of Richard Jefferies. Collected by His Widow. 12mo, pp. 331. Uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75.
The True Story of Hamlet and Ophelia. By Fredericks Beardsley Gilchrist. 8vo, pp. 339. Gilt top. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
Our English. By Adams Sherman Hill. 16mo, pp. 245. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.
Foreign Visitors in England, and What They Have Thought of Us: Being Some Notes on Their Books and Their Opinions During the Last Three Centuries. By Edward Smith. 16mo, pp. 220. Uncut. London: Elliot stock. \$1.25.

TRAVEL—HISTORY—BIOGRAPHY.

Through the Heart of Asia. Over the Pamir to India. By Gabriel Bonvalot. Translated from the French by C. B. Pitman. With 250 Illustrations by Albert Pépin. In two volumes. Imperial 8vo. Uncut. A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$10.50.
The Story of Mexico. By Susan Hale. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 428. *The Story of the Nations Series*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
The English Restoration and Louis XIV. From the Peace of Westphalia to the Peace of Nimwegen. By Osmond Airy, M.A., editor of the "Lauderdale Papers." With three Maps. 16mo, pp. 292. *Epochs in Modern History*. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.00.
The English Restoration and Louis XIV. From the Peace of Westphalia to the Peace of Nimwegen. By Osmond Airy, M.A. With three Maps. 16mo, pp. 292. *Epochs of Modern History*. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.
The English Church in the Middle Ages. By William Hunt. 12mo, pp. 224. *Epochs of Church History*. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 80 cents.
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